

**The Tragicall
and lamentable Historie
of two faythfull
Mates:**

**Ceyx Kinge of Thracie,
and ALCIONE his wife:
dravven into English
Meeter.**

By W. Hubbard.

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Hobbs, for Richard Iohnes

and are to be solde at his

**shop vnder the Lotterie
house.**

my Tongue spurs not to speake, els wold I tell to you speede
except thou shew mee suret. I will tell thee frend howe to be
very late a man a tongue, as I haue in my best
sent to thee my minde by word to lett thee see at rest
Let this man that standes by word and wille to rest
On his side lett to take thee by the will worke is to saye



The Tragicall and lamentable Historie of Ceyx and Alcione.

When frowning Fortune gan assaulte
her Foes: whose death she doth desire
She will reuenge, though for no faulte,
When Enuie hath her set on fire:
Shce seekes to bring men to decaye,
whom erst alofte:
She had set vp at pleasant staire,
though reeling ofte.

And then at last they tumbling downe
from highest state, to lowest step:
To lamentacion from Renowne,
with tumbling cast they downwarde lepe,
Amonge all other, one I finde
vnfortunate:
For at his state, Fortune repinde
with cruell hate.

He was sometime of Thracine King,
And CEYX I reade he had to name:
Name Fortune his mischaunce seeking
He tolde him streight by flickering Fame

A.ii.

Howe

The lamentable Hystorie
How Pelens his brother was
by ruinous chaunce,
With Death destroyed, as came to passe,
by Fortunes Launce.

Whereat he musing stood dismayde,
and bered soze then in his thought:
How easely might the signes he saide,
the which befoze his death were wrought
Of all men well perceiued be,
as came to passe,
Betokening this his destinie,
which fearefull was.

When CEYX the matter did perceiue,
mis doubting what was best to doo:
He did deuise where he might haue,
a remedie to stake his woo:
For counsell he to seeke with spæde
at Sacred SPELS,
Deuiseeth thus, as I do reade,
where this God dwels.

The God of CLAROS I do meane,
where as an Oracle would tell,
Each thing to fill fonde fancies streame,
but no good counsell their did dwell:

King

of King Ceyx and Alcione his VVife.

King CEYX disposed thus to goe,
to this fonde God:

Dame Fortune hath prouided loe,
this scorging Rod,

He had a wife who had to name,

ALCIONE then Thyrachine Queene:

She was a wife of passyng fame,
few such at this time can be seene:

To whom he minded to disclose,
all his intente,

Unto his louing Mate he goes,
vntimely sent,

He then began with faultring voice,
to shewe the matter to his wife,

At whose ptesence she did reioyce,
for sure shee loued him as her life,

But when she heard he would departe,
with feare there strake:

A chilnes straighte vnto hir hart
that teares out brake.

Thre times she then about to speake,

thre times she walst hir face with teares

Thre times she of from teares did brake,
and thus complained in his cares,

The lamentable Historie

What fault of myne (O Husbande deare)
doth thee compell?
That thou wilt dwell no longer heere,
but go to SPELL.

Do Ioyneies long delight thee nowe:
or doth mine absence better please
Then my presence: then I vowe
to NEPTVNE, Guider of the Seas
Whose Stormes vncertain thou must bide
in wofull plight:
To offer Giftes if he will guide
thy Ship aright.

Untill thou comst at wished Port:
For sure my care is great for thee,
Thou art my Ioye and sare comfort,
my faithfull Spouse geue eare to mee:
Shall I haue cause onely to mourne:
And shall my care
Of thy vncertaine home returne
be voide of feare?

The Sea doth make mee soze afraide
to thinke on it, my Corps doth quake,
My minde with musing is dismaide,
for verie wee my Ioyntes do shake:

of King Ceyx and Alcione his VVife.

Fo2 broken late vpon the shoare

the Ribbes of Ships

I saue, whose Masters long before

the waues in whips.

But yet my Sponse, if that thy will

I can by no entreatance moue;

But that thou wilt perseuer still;

Consider then my tender loue,

And mee (deare Husbande) with thee take

that I maye bee

Partaker of thy griefe, and make

some mirth fo2 thee.

Dlouing Wife ALCIONE,

my Loue, my deare and onely loye

(Quoth he) and wept full tenderlye;

Let not mine absence thee annoy;

Content thy selfe full quietlie,

And will no more

On houering waues to go with mee

from Thracine shoare.

Fo2 my Returne shalbe againe

if that the Goddes permit me life,

Within two Monthes I tell thee plaine,

as thou art my espoused wife

A.iii.

With

The lamentable Historie *rompaigny*

With that she gan for ioy to wepe,
that CEYX had,
Appointed dates and sighed deepe,
and wered glad,

romp most humble

She there both bzing him to the Shooze,
Till here he his last farewell did take,
ALCIONES hart misgaue befoze,
she did with trembling ioyntes oft quake,
And stratching CEYX in her armes,
with pittious looke,
Her last farewell mistrusting harmes,
she sadly tooke.

And when she sawe the Watermen,
the Ship beginne to driue from shore,
And that she must hir spouse leaue then,
she minde more heauy then befoze,
My only ioy is gon she sayd,
why do I liue?
Let death of thine, with mine be paide,
I would it giue.

And casting vp hir waterie eyes,
she did beholde her husband stand,
On Datches gon now far on Seas,
He saue him becking with his hand;

And

of King Ceyx and Alcione his VVife.

And she likewise her hands did shake,
as loue did moue,
Where as she did her last sight take,
of hir deere loue,

And when the Ship was out of sight,
she straight vnto hir Chamber went,
She screeked out with maine and might,
and pitiously she did lament,
She cast her body on her bed,
with sozry hart,
With dumpped sprites as heauy as Led,
renelwes hir smart,

And whilst she lieth musing here,
a pleasant gale of winde both blowe,
The wether wareth very cleare,
these shipmen now in Seas do rowe,
And CEYX both make his men vp hale,
the highest mast,
And set them vp with the top saile,
that no wind wast,

At last they all arined are,
when night was com and day was spent,
Where eche of them must ende their care,
and eke must there, their lines relent,

The lamentable Historie

Foꝛ BOREAS with his bitter blasts
doth fierlie blow:
And waues do rise vp all in haste
to ouerthrowe

Their ship: and they with fearefull speede
do cut downe Sailes, & Clothes downe rend
Eche man is busse now at neede,
yet all in vaine thei do contend:
Foꝛ now the Tempest hath by force
the vpper hande:
King CEYX doth oft times with his Coyle
to be on lande.

With his deare Loue ALCIONE
who now he saith, did warning geue
Of coming Tempests of the Sea,
yet he as then would not beleue:
But willinglie would foꝛwarde goe
to seeke Counsell,
To passe the Sea would foꝛwarde rowe
to go to SPELL

King CEYX did of his Loue still speake,
he alwaies cries (ALCIONE)
Nothing would make his tonge of bꝛeake
but wicked waues of watꝛie Sea
When

of King Ceyx and Alcione his VVife.

When this with Death he conquered was
and dyng in Sea:

He seemde to speake halfe dead (alas)

ALCIONE.

Whilste CEYX doth lye thus in the Sea:

quite drownde with ouer gulping waues

On rusfull Bed ALCIONE

with weeping eies, she restless craues

Fo2 safe and speedie comming home

of CEYX her Mate:

Who lieth tost on salt Sea some,

vnfortunate.

Now dead and drowned in the Sea,

yet she the dayes doth compt and tell,

She thinkes pooze wretch ALCIONE,

her husbandes home returne from SPELL

To be but slowe: and she doth thinke,

eche hower a day,

No ioyes into her hart can sink,

fo2 his delay.

She hopeth yet to see him againe

aliue at his appointed hower:

Her expectation was in vaine,

fo2 Fortune was disposed to lower,

On

The lamentable Historie

On him poore wretch as late befell,
yet she doth make,
Acount of his returne from **SPELL**
her louing make.

The Lady being thus mindfull still,
of her owne spouse and husband deare
The day is past the night doth fill;
eche thing with darkenes bright & cleare,
And she to restless Bed is gon,
to take hir sleepe
And straight a slumber stealing on,
her eyes yet weepe:

This wofull wight **ALCIONE**
doth dreame she seeth stand by her Bed,
Her only ioy late drownd in Sea,
pale, wan, starke nak't, and cold as lead,
She thought he leaned on her brest,
and to her said,
My louing wife me thou knowest,
be not dismayd.

Quarantius

Thy **CEYX** is dead, therefore in vaine
of my returne no reckening make,
The boisterous windes with might & main
our ship on Seas did tolle and shake,

Untill

of King Ceyx and Alcione his VVife.

Untill it was turnd vpsidowne,
and drownd in Sea,
O worthe wight of high renowne,
ALCIONE,

Thou hearest not by false reporte,
but I my selfe my shipwreke shew,
Arise therfore come and comfort
thy husband, and som teares bestowe
Upon thy spouse, and decke the now
with moorning weede,
For I can mirth no more allowe,
now I am dead.

With that she stretched forth her handes,
her husbands Ghost for to embrace,
He steps aside and backward stands,
with that the teares ran downe his face
she screekeeth out, why dost thou lie:
and leaue me alone,
Then take me with thee, for I must die,
if thou art gon.

All this she did yet being a sleape,
and by and by she did awake,
And reuolfully began to weepe,
and heauely the matter take;

She

The lamentable Historie

Shee rent her Clothes, and tare her haire,
with extreme woe:
Her Purse then rose with reuoll fear
and ranne her to.

She did demaunde what was the cause
of her great grieve and piteous moane
Wher at this Ladie yet did pause
at last she saide, I am vndone,
ALCIONE is cast away
with CEYX his death;
For he hath yelded vp I saye
his vitall breath.

This, this, it is that I did feare
before thy Iorney in my minde:
I warned thee, thou didst not care,
That thou shouldst not trust to the winde
And whilst she talked, the night was gone,
and Daye was bright:
Vnto the shoare with speede she ranne
and footesteppes light.

She standing mourning on the shoare,
and casting vp her weeping eyes
And listning how the Sea did roare
a great waile of, on Sea she spies

A thing

of King Ceyx and Alcione his VVife.

A thing come tumbling on the Sea
much like a Coze,
She meruailed what it should bee
that waters force

Brought houerling so toward the shoare,
at last shee sawe, it was a man:
She knewe not who it was therfore,
To speake she then with woe began,
Alas pooze wretch (she said) thy wife
if any there bee,
Paye with her selfe deuoyde of life
for Death of thee.

And as the Winde, the waues did tolle,
the Bodie floated nearer lande
Yet she not ware of her great losse
Untill it came vnto her hande,
Anone it did arryue on shoare:

ALCIONE

Sawe CEYX who grieved her full soze
late drownde in Sea.

And therewithall she scratched her face,
her Beere and Garments she did teare
She reached out in wofull case
to CEYX her trembling bandes w feare
She

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She sayde now comst thou home my loue,
in such a case:

He beyng dead, she did remoue
to touche his face.

And also yet not being content,

this wretched wight **ALCIONE**

She crieth **D Atropos** consent,

and cast her selfe into the Sea:

And on her husbands coyce both lie,

as **Boets** saine:

And both were turned to **Eidos** trale,

and still remaine.

Their loue right well we may com mend

for few such Dates are at this day:

Who loue so stedfast to the ende,

Therfore example take we may,

By **Ceyx** and **ALCIONE**,

which both liue still,

As I do read, and haunt the Sea,

as **Boets** will.

Pelix quem faciunt diuina pericula Curam.

(P)

FINIS

